



Enter

www.WaveTwistersbyArtaud

11 Members

 Artaud (host)
 cricket
 devildoc
 Dreamy
 gypsy
 Mystic-Rain
 punkerpoet
 sinkfoil
 starache
 TigerLily
 willow

 Whisper

 Ignore

**WAVE
TWISTERS
CYBERPOEM BY
ARTAUD**

D Press 2000 Sebastopol

Sculpture of Munch's *Scream* by Lu Auz

Thanks to the staff at Sprint in Sebastopol

Book design by rychard@sonic.net
and to mns for whatever



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WAVE TWISTERS

CYBERPOEM BY ARTAUD

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	3	devildoc's room	You know what this is about...if not...d...	Members
	1	dirk	looking for erin	Members
	3	Friends of Yep	Friendly chat	Members
	10	friendly chat room	sniper20s room	Members
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	4	InnerVoice	Metaphysical and Spiritual Discussions	Members
	1	pee	watersports lovers	Members
	11	poetry cafe	Artaud is host, share your poem	Members
	1	Reptiles and amphib...	Talk about reptiles and amphis	Members
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WINDOWS 2000

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Welcome to D Press Chat: Important: D Press does not control or endorse the content, messages or information found in chat. D Press specifically disclaims any liability with regard to these areas. To review the guidelines for use of D Press Chat, go to <http://chat.dpress.com/conduct.asp>. The chat topic is: share your poem. Artaud is host. Welcome—poems first, chat second.

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WAVETWISTERS Y2K

just go to DevilDoc's chatroom

I can laugh

I can cry

I can swear

I can lie

—July

Please wait...connecting to server

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The chat topic is: share your poem. Artaud is host.

Welcome—poems first, chat second.

worm

mexlady

magdalena

“Jo Violent”

glitter

rads

fairygirl

sicseed

unknown

jaborwocky

missing

Dreamy

AFROdite

zin

jvisionaire

darkpoet

beatnikig, that's beatnik in disguise

FallenAngel

nannycate
rooster
pokadottie
Sculpture

we project a space with no floor, no walls
we exist but cannot rest
are watchful but have no shadows

Artaud: hello room
Magichex_g leads Art to the couch
Artaud: Thank you Magic
Magichex_g puts a laprobe over Art's knees
Artaud: all I kneed is my pipe
Magichex_g brings a pipe
Themis: a/s/l
Artaud: you won't turn me into a frog will you?
Magichex_g sits down next to Artaud
Artaud: middleaged male in a state of anxiety
Themis: lol
siouxsirl: read us a poem, Artaud

Artaud: HEAR THEM BUZZZ
Artaud: With the gums gone the
Artaud: words within words, no kidding
Artaud: the birds chatting with other birds
Artaud: are barely heard.
Artaud: .
Artaud: And though the nose is
Artaud: green and blue,
Artaud: it's much too hot to twitch.
Artaud: Nothing
Artaud: .
Artaud: Stirs except a blue-bottle fly.
Artaud: The eye IN my head
Artaud: sees me coming toward the river,
Artaud: and a sound says,
Artaud: .
Artaud: "I will die outside your window."

Artaud ends

Dreamy: I like it, but I don't understand
the last line

Themis: That's beautiful!

siouxgirl: my pants are wet

Magichex_g: mine are burning

siouxgirl: i knew i was going to be enlightened

Riskybusiness: i know all that Bauhaus shit i

saw that movie with the razor slashing an eye

go ahead give me some lines from le chein andelou

Artaud: .

Artaud: .

Artaud: .

Artaud: .

Artaud: .

Artaud: .

Riskybusiness: that doesn't look like something Artaud would say

Artaud: it's a silent movie

Riskybusiness: lol

devildoc: fuck, that's retarded

dengalis: be more respectful!!!

devildoc: i can say what i want

dengalis: you can at least haave some manners

devildoc: get screwed

Host Neon-Ratio kicks devildoc out of the chat room!

devildoc leaves the conversation

devildoc returns to the conversation

devildoc: whydya kick me out?

Neon-Ratio: rudeness

devildoc: i'll be good, i was just trying to stir things up

devildoc quivers in the corner

dengalis: where do you get off talking like that ?

Artaud: is this yours first time here?

dengalis: yes

Artaud: go easy, dengalis, just poets at play here

Russianbeauties enters the conversation

Russianbeauties: hello Americans

Russianbeauties leaves the conversation

Artaud: someone go

sunshine: ok
sunshine: senseless banter, wicked words
sunshine: tear apart all esteem...
sunshine: from the outside looking in
sunshine: is it as real as it seems?

POET 2 POET

you know the drill
wings (host)
Artaud
page
tyme
WierdoWill

WierdoWill: i've got a poem, can i go
wings: sure, go ahead
WierdoWill: arguing into the early hours
WierdoWill: about the global economy
WierdoWill: and the greenhouse effect
WierdoWill: we solve the world's problems
WierdoWill: for another night
WierdoWill: while the stars shine down
WierdoWill: through the colander in the sky
WierdoWill: after you leave I continue to drink
WierdoWill: til I'm topped off and tipping over
WierdoWill: miserable fuck that I am
WierdoWill: I crawl across a gravel pit
WierdoWill: and down a culvert
WierdoWill: where I find a pinhole of firelight
WierdoWill: and I laugh and laugh and laugh
WierdoWill: happy to find light
WierdoWill: in the middle of the tunnel
WierdoWill: (end)

WierdoWill: well, what do you think, is this
a good poem? I think it sucks myself
wings: i thought it was very good
WierdoWill: i think it is one of my worst
Artaud: yes, if you cant tell your tent from a drainage ditch you are pretty messed up

and it shows you are an drooling alcoholic
with a gas mask fetish
tyme: ?

Artaud: if i wrote a poem like that i would go out and hang myself from the nearest tree

WierdoWill: i want to know what the rest of you think, not Art

tyme: I'm just a wallflower here

WierdoWill: page,tell me honestly

page: gosh i thought it was nice, but i did't unerstand the colander thing

WierdoWill: hmm, not sure I do either

Artaud: just a reference to a medieval astrological concept

WierdoWill: shut up, Art, i want to know what people with real understanding think

WierdoWill: well, if no one is going to make
a comment, I guess I am going, thanks all, have fun Art!

WierdoWill leaves the conversation

wings: what was that all about?

Artaud: just devildoc messing with my head by reading memy own poem a poem that i posted at
poetrytonight.com

Artaud: he's just pissed i'm over here with you guys, i'm embarassed and flattered at the same
time

wings: you have poems published?

Artaud: a few but let's not go there ok here we're peers

DEVILDOC'S ROOM

the chat topic is: you know the deal
bring your poetry.....leave the rest

Jill-in-the-Box enters

TchKung enters

greyling enters

ds33 has entered

signa has entered

wings: fire in the lake

 darting over

 starting

 uber und deeiber

 de ober kats

signa has left

Disconnected from server. Please wait connecting to server...

chain..g: this be the flame in the cellar
naked and wageless
screaming in our cages
whose got the power
the mass or the few
in this torn nation
never give up
just live up
wd be spittn up
rippin it up
o my brother
burning barefeet
over blacktop
fast as in fashion
snapbacknecks
(ends)

Artaud: once upon a time, old Ez sd we needed
alabaster for this accelerated age, not marble
—waferboard is what we're using now
and a chain saw

CREATE A CHAT

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Code of Conduct

Artaud: a chain poem is created above and below the body
gypsy: in a pillar of soot
wings: and scrapings
sinkfoil: and it shivers
Artaud: Artaud: a chain poem is created above and below the body
gypsy: in a pillar of soot
wings: and scrapings

sinkfoil: and it shivers

gypsy: this is wild, artaud

glitterclot: i don't get it

Artaud: I am rejecting the notion that the subject matter is in the depth of the poem, here the main thing is the immediate situation, the energy, the accident of our situation in the room, the surface of the screen and the poem arising

glitterclot: it's wierd

Artaud: it's like a "candid camera" or a diary of our memories, our chats, our poems, our moofs

wings: go on with it, Art

Artaud: wings: the souls of anti-poets

sinkfoil: spring into moments like 666

wings: wipe that smile off your face

steeltrooper: what is this shit?

gypsy: shhhhh steel, art is reading

steeltrooper: dit don't make sense

gypsy: he's reading us reading

steeltrooper: sucks

Host wings kicks steeltrooper out!

steeltrooper leaves the conversation

steeltrooper enters the conversation

steeltrooper: Don't kick me out I'll just come back

Artaud: if you were a host would you kick me out?

steeltrooper: Would you make me host?

Artaud: will you be good"?

steeltrooper: Yes

Artaud makes steeltrooper host

Artaud: ok, does that satisfy you?

steeltrooper: thanks

Host steeltrooper kicks starache out!

starache leaves the conversation

Host steeltrooper kicks sinkfoil out!

sinkfoil leaves the conversation

Host steeltrooper kicks prose out!

prose leaves the conversation

Host steeltrooper kicks Olivia© out!
Olivia© leaves the conversation
Host: steeltrooper kicks Neon-Ratio out!
Neon-Ratio leaves the conversation
Host steeltrooper kicks macduff out!
macduff leaves the conversation
Artaud: bad call, bye all

ANOTHER ROOM

farmgirl
“the Shrew”
genius
“SongPump”
wynter
ZzZzZ
aura
macduff
niovi
Iris
princess-sunshine
tuesdaykisses
hotgirl99
ArcAinA79
4given
jupiter
BATTLEOFFEVERMORE
microcosom
belle
Temperance
denise
Demonica
MaidenTsar, that’s Totenmaske
that’s TT that’s that
“SmartLady”

Miss Perfect enters the conversation

chain..g: drunk enough
and bored enough

shattered in a
wood coffin
on some boot hill
a young gun
screaming "howdy"
flashing cold steel
from his hip
like dark lightning

gypsy: the screen scrolled...

Artaud: you got moofied

lover899 enters

Artaud: hi lover, that's a powerful number

lover899: how so?

Artaud: it reduces to an 8, a number of power

lover899: i see

punkerpoet: Done in by love, lover o the one I despise

punkerpoet leaves

punkerpoet3 enters

punkerpoet3: minor threat, black flag, the
dropkick murpheys, US Bombs

devildoc: get down punker

punkerpoet3: got disconnected and they changed my name damn them

glitterclot: go to options and change it bacvk

punkerpoet: arrested for punk in public

gypsy: do you know that you were put on auto hold for five minutes

glitterclot: not on my screen he wasn't

gypsy: this is strange

punkerpoet: put on hold by who?

gypsy: i didnt even know there was an automatic ignore, it said it was because you had sent

Artaud: push on wings

wings:.

wings:.

wings: here goes

fire by the lake

lightening on the hills

MaXiEgiRl enters

our hearts in the waves arising

pounding sense into the shore
MaXiEgiRl: Did you write this poem??
who could know
MaXiEgiRl: sorry
I'm losing my mind
MaXiEgiRl: Is this room just for typing in
poetry or something?
wings: oh duh
Artaud enters the conversation
Artaud: I got moofied and landed in a Romance
chat room and everyone was naked
wings: what did you do?
Artaud: I told them I was a poet and could I read them a poem
wings: what happened?
Artaud: I started to read, and they booted me out
wings: then read it for us art
prose: blood drain brain reels
Dreamy: I begin to see things begin
Totenmaske: Totenmaske:to turn
Neon-Ratio: tote, I can't read that, change yr font
Totenmaske: to turn in the room in the light
Neon-Ratio: tx
gypsy: crying out for the pain to stop
Neon-Ratio: wanting a spiritual path
mersault: without God mucking it up
Totenmaske: God as a cloudy vapor who
invents the world and leaves
DenymeLife enters the conversation
prose: or sleeps in a mummy cloth
Dreamy: howling in impotent agony
Totenmaske: while worms in putrid furrows wiggle with pagan glee
DenymeLife: Hello, I don't understand
mersault: wiggling and giggling
Neon-Ratio: we're chaining a poem deny, where are you from?
DenymeLife: Denmark in Alabama
Neon-Ratio: do you have a poem to share
DenymeLife: No, can I just watch?
Neon-Ratio: anyone else have a poem ready
Neon-Ratio: arty??

Artaud: y

Neon-Ratio dims the lights and adjusts the mic

prose: blood drain brain reels

Dreamy: I begin to see things begin

Totenmaske: το τυρν ιν τηε ροομ ιν τηε λιγητ

Neon-Ratio: tote, I can't read that, change yr font

Totenmaske: to turn in the room in the light

Neon-Ratio: tx

gypsy: crying out for the pain to stop

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mersault: wiggling and giggling

Neon-Ratio: we're chaining a poem deny, where are you from?

DenymeLife: Denmark in Alabama

Neon-Ratio: do you have a poem to share

DenymeLife: No, can I just watch?

Neon-Ratio: starache, how about you?

starache: i

gypsy: yes

starache: wanted to say

gypsy: yes

starache: goodbye

gypsy: oh, star

starache: i have to go, I can't come back

gypsy: bye star

wings: goodnight starache

gypsy: we'll see you tomorrow nite

starache: no

starache: i can't come back ever
gypsy: what??!
Artaud: what do you mean starache
starache: my mom is taking away the computer
gypsy: why?

willowtree enters the conversation

willowtree: hi, everyone
Artaud: hi willow
willowtree: how is everyone?
Artaud: starache is banned from her computer
willowtree: oh
gypsy: we are just saying goodbye
willowtree: oh
devildoc: your mom will probable relent
starache: if she ever does, i'm so afraid you will all be gone
gypsy: we'll be here starache, waiting
wings: yes, star, we won't forget you
starache: if you see sink
gypsy: yes
starache: tell him
gypsy: yes
wings: we will tell him starache
devildoc: oh god! shit fuck, this is unfair
devildoc writhes in the dirt pulling his hair
starache: i want you all to know
starache: that i love you all
gypsy: we love you too star
Artaud: starache, I am very glad we got to be friends I know you didn't trust me at first
starache: thank, you Art, i am glad too
willowtree: i want to say goodbye and that we will miss you
starache: ty
devildoc: you have contributed a lot here
starache: ty
starache: good bye everyone
gypsy: bye
wings: bye
devildoc: so long

starache leaves the conversation
willowtree: goodbye
willowtree: oh, i was too late
Artaud: it's ok willow, she knows
devildoc: i'm fucking depressed now that starache has left us for good
Artaud: i know
gypsy: i feel so sad
devildoc: well maybe her mother is right maybe
she spends too much time here and maybe we all should get real lives
sinkfoil enters the conversation
devildoc: hi sink, you just missed starache
gypsy: she was looking for you to say goodbye
sinkfoil: she was?
devildoc: she can't come back here
sinkfoil: she can't
gypsy: artaud?
Artaud: sinkfoil, starache's mom repossessed her harddrive
and won't allow her to come here
sinkfoil: she did
Artaud: starache said how much she would miss all of us but especially you
sinkfoil: i loved that woman
Artaud: I know, she was really sweet and she contributed a lot to the room,
we'll all miss her
sinkfoil: jeez, i dont feel so good
Artaud: well, we'll just have to carry on
sinkfoil: i guess
gypsy: it won't be the same
devildoc wipes away a tear
Artaud: come on, she'll probably get to come back before long,
does anyone have a poem?

ADDENDUM TO SUBSECTION TWO SECTION IV: that which is correct shall be correct unless it is wrong; line must sound like the before line or line must have green in it three times; that which contains a there where there is no where there will stay here

I'll poetry if I choose to stay in
I'll riot if I go out

oh betty so sweet i crave her

betty is a right little raver
sweet like a cherry lifesaver
yummmmm melts in your mouth
and tastes like cheese
jeeez this makes me sneeze
oh the lady will never die
the lady will never die
nay but she will often lie
in a patch of homespun webs
in a forum of horny plebs

“bettyeggleton”

SnowAngel

paul

aura

kiek

beatnic

DEAD POET SOCIETY

read your own or other poets and brief
discussions: Rilke is host

½rhymes

ANNI

Astaroth

auracle

brautigam

Dylan

flash65

iambic

infinite

Joshua

LadyE

mab

macduff

“MorriganWilde”

oneblonde

RomperStomper

Temperance

“thatguy”

twilightdreams
zin

Artaud enters the conversation
Artaud leaves the conversation

gypsy: I'm like a child in many ways
 climb benches
 hug trees
 play with the sand
 prefer to be in the water
 than getting a tan
 laugh like a houseful of hens
 dance all night
 and want more

gypsy: come here, next to me
gypsy: let me tell you something
gypsy: whisper
gypsy:.....I.....love.....
gypsy:.....you
rose: but I got disconnected
gypsy: we'll join to be so very merry
wings: and dance the night with elf and fairy
gypsy: and drink the red red dark berry
wings: and pick the stars until they're too
heavy to carry
gypsy: love's the moment and a ring's a thing
wings: a thing more binding is the song we sing
Artaud leads gypsy and wings to the rubber room

ABANDONED IN THE FIREY LAVA THE SISTERS DANCE TO A PAGAN SONG

and hold each other
et si arebus
until the young moon goes down
and lays upon a cloud rack
paratus et infinitum
in God's hands
sonnet leaves the conversation

and I walk in
covered with ash
carpaccio et enigmas
and I walked
no one knows why
no
no one
no one
no
I did not lose my faith
and what I had to say was so sublime
that the mere utterance was music

oeuvhere enters the conversation

times I feel I shouldna been born
but here I am
I may yet find where I belong

oeuvhere leaves the conversation

WE WILL LIVE FOREVER IN BOLD LETTERS

TomZ
maxiesdad
44 in Bombay at 3 in the morning
GammaW
Bambi
ambrosia
1st Timer
starache, feeling a little sad

Cujo
brokenwing
mislead
bigbadbarfly
fishmonkeygirl aka Totenmaske
oldpinetree
diogeneslamp is now known as oscar
sinkfoil

Olivia©

negative_bullshit

ghosthusky

1 Sick Puppy

unicorn

cricket

o, cricket in Arizona

you've got me writing in emoticons

Dreamy: plunged

into...from

once free

floating LIGHT

and love into COLD

choking screams

moody enters

devildoc: Holding on for dear life

O Careless Love!

greyling has left

raving in high fever

my skin hot f/yr touch

a delicious clenching of nerves

gypsy: two people in against the spin

cycle

MegatonBoy: cross-faded in my room

bass lines staggering

a madness anthem

“JoyceCarolOates”: our skin defences

turning to silk, texture of fleshy

airy surfaces scant as breaths

gypsy: sage sweetgrass and osha

no overcast no birds no bees

just me

hahahahaha

cementhead has joined

devildoc: what the fuck is going on with

sungwon?

pootzygirl

standing_in_the_rain

Teawhisk

puravida

NormalBoy

Akira

aura

zane

eclips33

Scorpion

4Play4Ever

disintegrate

milk_this

summer

orge

Kolorblue

2cool

Bonfire

scribe4rent

beauty

diogeneslamp

wiseowl in NJ

willow in Korea

alex in IL

Ethan in AL

}StUPidGirl{

Michaelangelo

In the room the poets come and go

2000/2018

Santa Rosa

Ellensburg